
43
Epistolary

P O E M S

&c.

U P O N

Several Occasions.

A

Epistolary

P O E M S

Q. C.

Several Occasions.

A

Epistolary Poems ;
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS:
With several of the
Choicest Stories
OF
OVID's METAMORPHOSES
AND
Tibullus's Elegies.

Translated into English Verse
By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

L O N D O N :
Printed by R. E for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges
Head near the Inner Temple-Gate, in Fleetstreet.
M DC XCIV.

Epistolary Poems;

ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

Choice of Stories

Epistles

Wrote these, &c. &c. &c.
in the year 1780, &c. &c.
at the request of the
author, &c. &c. &c.

John Donnell

~~You to that this is not the~~

dedication writ to a Book, but

a Book with a Dedica-

tion, which, however, is

the nicest part a Writer has

determining Men, are the

most averse to be told so,

The following Ver-

ses, ought in Ju-

stice to be Yours,

since, not only the best

part of them were made

at Your House, but they

were made designedly for

A 3

You,

Epistle Dedicatory.

~~You~~, so that this is not a De-
dication writ to a Book, but
a Book wth ~~in~~ ^{to} a Dedic-
tion; which, however, is
the nicest part a Writer has
to manage; for the most
deserving Men, are the
most averse to be told so,
and what would please all
their Friends, and Acquain-
tance, would displease them-
selves; which makes the
Poet at a loss, whether to
satisfie one, or many, his
Readers, or his Patron.

But

Epistle Dedicatory.

But since I have already found it easier to You, to oblige, than to receive thanks for Tan. Obligation, to do no violence to Your Modesty, I must do none to my own Justice, and desist from a Theme, which I could so willingly enlarge upon, but You so unwillingly read.

I shall say little of the following Essays, either of the Originals I Translated

them from, for the Translations: Onething, in general, I find from my own Experience ; That where there is most Life, and Spirit, in the Author, the Translator is carried on, with the greater vigour and vivacity ; as a Man swims faster in a Stream, than a standing Water ; but where the Original is flat, and low, the Translator must be at the pains to raise him, so that the best things, most + A are

Epistle Dedicatory

are the easiest to be done;
and the dullest, the most
difficult.

It were presumption in
one of my Years, to pre-
tend to give an account of
the Authors whom I have
chosen, or their Works; to
commend their Excellen-
cies; or condemn their
Faults; and of the two, I
dare venture to say the least
of *Ovid*; when he himself,
and all that he has writ,
have

Epistle Dedicatory.

have been already so well,
and so fully treated of, in
Mr. Dryden's Preface before
his *Epistles*.

—But I cannot choose but
wonder, That a Book so
extreamly delightful, so
soft, and sweet, as *Tibullus*,
has lain so long unattempted;
but there is a Friend
of ours, whom I hope
he has been all along re-
solved for, and then, he
will be in the best hands
he

Epistle Dedicatory.

he could have fall'n into
to follow of those whom
it revealed on terms I bore
Of the three Elegies that
I have ventured on; the
first, from toward the mid-
dle to the end, and the
whole third, please me
infinitely, the second I
did merely for the sake of
the last Ten, or Twelve
Lines. He must be highly over-
-sightful who says I
I *Tibullus* must, certainly,
have felt all he Writ for
He

Epistle Dedicatory.

He could never have feign'd
so much Passion so well,
and I am apt to believe, it
was not his Poetry, made
him so fond, and tender a
Lover, but rather his Love,
that made him so sweet,
and excellent a Poet; were
it not that I should take
him out of better hands, I
would have attempted to
have Englished him all, for
I flatter my self with a Fan-
cy, that, in some things, I
am somewhat of his Tem-
per,

Epistle Dedicatory.

per, and, how far short so-
ever I come of him in his
Poetry, I resemble him, but
too nearly, in some other
Circumstances.

I was almost running in-
to a Complaint, that would
have been both unjust, and
ingrateful; for since I knew
You, all occasion of Com-
plaint has been taken from
me. Your Acquaintance,
would have been of it self
sufficient, to endear You
to

-to any Man; but Your Fa-
vours to me, began with,
and even out-ran Your Ac-
quaintance: I dare not pro-
ceed, tho' on a Subject
which I am very loth to
leave; permit me to add
only this, that since most
who ever writ, have some-
times stood in need of
Favours from other Men,
and since the same Fortune
has attended me, I am glad
however, that it threw me
on You to receive them,
ot than

Epistle Dedicatory.

than whom, I know none
I could have been more
willingly obliged to, for
them.

I am,

Sir,

Your most Affectionate,

Obliged, Humble Servant.

Charles Hopkins.

than whom, I know none
I could have been more
willingly obliged to, for
them.

Charles Hopkins.

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

B

To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, &c.

AS Nature does in new-born Infants frame,
With their first Speech, their careful
Fost'rer's Name;

Whose needful Hands their daily Food provide,
And by whose aid, they have their wants supply'd.

You are, my Lord, the Poets earliest Theme,
And the first word he speaks, is *Dorset's Name*.

To You the Praise of every Muse is due,
For every Muse is kept alive by You.

Their boasted stream, from your rich Ocean pours,
And all the Helicon they drink, is yours.

B 2

What

What other Subject can the Muses chuse,
Or who besides is worthy of a Muse?
They shall to future Ages make you known,
Their Verse shall give you Fame; but more, your
Immortal Wit shall its great Patron boast, (own.
When others, of an equal Rank, are lost.
While eating Time, all other Tombs devours,
No *Mausoleum* shall endure, but yours.
Life to your self, by your own Verse you give,
And only you, and whom you please, shall live.
Thus, you must *Nassau's* God-like Acts proclaim,
And farther than his Trumpets sound his Fame.
Whose hundred mouths of nothing else shall tell,
But Him who fought, and him who sung so well.
Ev'n after death, you shall your Honours share,
You, for improving Wit, and He, for War.

To

T O

Walter Moyle, Esq;

TO you, *dear Youth*, in these unpolish'd Strains,
 And rural Notes, your exil'd Friend com-
 With pain, this tedious Banishment I bear (plains.
 From the dear Town, and you, the dearest there.
 Hourly, my thoughts present before my view,
 Those charming Joys, which once, alas! I knew, }
 In Wine, in Love, in Friendship, and in you. }
 Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleasing Scene,
 We must not for a while appear again.
 Here, in its stead, unusual Prospects rise,
 That dull the Fancy, and disgust the Eyes.
 Bleak Groves of Trees, shook by the Northern Winds,
 And heavy Aspects of unthinking Hinds,

No beauteous Nymph to fire the Youthful heart,
No Swain instructed in the Muses Art.

Hammond alone, is from this Censure free, (me;
Hammond, who makes the same complaint with

Alike on both, the want of you does strike,
Which both repine at, and lament alike;

While here I stay, condemn'd to Desert Fields,
Deny'd the Pleasures which the City yields,

My Fortunes, by the chance of War deprest,
Lost at these years, when I might use them best.

To crown your Youth, conspiring Graces joyn,
Honour, and Bounty, Wealth and Wit, are thine.

With Charms united, every Heart you move,
Esteem in Men, in vanquish'd Virgins, Love.

Tho' clog'd with cares, I drag my restless hours,
I envy not the flowing ease of yours;

Still may they roul with circling Pleasures on,
Nor you neglect to seize them, as they run.

Time

Time hastes away with an impetuous flight,
And all its Joys soon vanish from our sight,
Which we shall mourn, we us'd not, while we
might.

In full delights, let sprightly *Southern* live,
With all that Women, and that Wine, can give.
May generous *Wicherly*, all Sufferings past,
Enjoy a well-deserv'd Estate, at last.

Fortune, with Merit, and with Wit, be Friends,
And sure, tho' slowly, make a large amends.
Late, very late, may the Great *Dryden* dye,
But when deceas'd, may *Congreve* rise as high.
To him, my Service, and my Love commend,
The greatest Wit, and yet the truest Friend.
Accept, dear *Moyle*, a Letter writ in haste,
Which my impatient Friendship dictates fast.
Friendship, like Love, imperfectly exprest,
Yet by their being so, they're both shown best.

Each, no cold leisure for our thoughts affords,
But at a heat, strikes out our eager words.
The Soul's emotion, most her truth assures,
Such as I feel, while I subscribe me

YOURS.

TO

T O

Anthony Hammond, Esq;

AS when a Prophet feels the God retir'd,
By whom he had a long time lain inspir'd,
His Eyes no more with Sacred Fury roul,
No more Divine Impulses move his Soul:
The *Fires* that warm'd him, with the *God* are gone,
The Deity with-drawn, the Charm is done.
So now my Muse can no more Rapture boast,
Since you went hence, her Inspiration's lost.
O Robb'd of her Flame, all languishing she lies,
And, Swan-like, only sings before she dies.
But you, my Friend, to different Fortune move,
And crown your days with Wine, your nights with
In endless bliss, unbounded time you waste, (Love.
Your ravishing Delights, for ever last.

Long,

Long, long e're this, you've often been possest,
Of all your wish could frame to make you blest.
When you, and *Southern, Moyle, and Congreve* meet,
The best, good Men, with the best-natur'd Wit.
Good Wine, good Company, the better Feast,
And whene're *Wicherly* is present, best.
Then, then your Joys are perfectly compleat,
And Sacred Wit is at the Noblest height.
Oh ! how I long to be allow'd to share,
And gain a Fame, by mingling with you there.
The Country now can be no longer born,
And since you first are gone, I must return ;
I come, I come, dear *Hammond*, to pursue
Pleasures I cannot know, depriv'd of you.
Restless, as Lovers, till we meet, I live,
And envy this, because 'twill first arrive.
With Joy I learnt, *Dryden* designs to crown,
All the great things he has already done.

No Loss, no change of Vigour, can he feel;
Who dares attempt the Sacred *Mantuan* still.
Adieu —
And yet methinks, I owe too much to you,
To part so Coldly with a bare Adieu.
But what Requitall can I make you more?
You've put all Recompence beyond my Power.
Fain wou'd my working *Thoughts* contrive a way,
For every generous Man's in pain to pay.
Tis not a suitable return I give,
Yet what it is, my best-good Friend, receive;
Take the best Wishes of a grateful Soul;
Congreve, and *Moyle*, and you, possess it whole.
Take all the Thanks, a Country Muse can send,
And in accepting this, oblige your Friend.

T O

No

To C. C. Esq.

IN vain, my Friend, so often I remove,
I find that Absence, still increases Love;
The barbarous Foe, like an ingrateful Guest,
Too strongly lodg'd, possesses all my Breast.
Gladly, I suffer'd him to share my Soul,
But now the Traitor, has usurp'd it whole,
I burn with Pains, too great to be endur'd,
And yet I neither can, nor would be cur'd,
In other Ills, all Remedies we try,
But fond of this, we grow content to Dye.
For all were useless here to help my Grief,
And I should strive in vain, to find Relief.

In vain, I rush'd amidst the Thund'ring War,
Endeavour'd all in vain, to meet it there;
In all the heat of Fight, I thought on her.
If conquering Camps refus'd to give me ease,
The Town at my return, affords me less.
Without concern, its Wealth, and Pomp I see,
And all its Pleasures are but lost on me;
If, with my Friends, I shou'd to Plays resort,
Without a Smile I see the Comick Sport.
I mingle no Applauses with the Pit,
Nor mind the Action, nor the Author's Wit.
I see the shining Beauties sit around,
But have no room left for another Wound.
I fly for Refuge to the Country now,
But that is Savage, and denies it too.
Retirement still foment the raging Fire,
(spire,
And Trees, and Fields, and Floods, and Verse con-
To spread the Flame, and heighten the desire.

Wildly,

Wildly I Range the Woods, and Trace the Groves,
To every Oak, I tell my hopeless Loves,
Torn by my Passion, to the Earth I fall,
I kneel to all the Gods, I Pray to all.
Nothing but Eccho answers to my Prayer,
And she speaks nothing, but Despair, Despair.
I give relentless Heaven this last Reply,
I do despair, and will resolve to Die.

THE

THE
Story of *PHOEBUS* and *DAPHNE*.
FROM THE
First Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

NO Beauteous Nymph, cou'd Youthful
Phæbus move,
Till *Daphne's* Charms inspir'd him first with Love.
A Virgin, sprung from *Peneus* Silver Stream,
Fair as the Crystal Waters, whence she came.
No blind Effects of Chance subdu'd the God,
But just Revenge which injur'd *Cupid* ow'd.
For *Phæbus* saw him as his Bow he drew,
And Scoffing, cry'd, those are not Arms for you.
To me your Quiver, and your Shafts resign,
They load your Shoulders, but fit well on mine;

Your

Your Arrows drop from your enervate Arm,
And are not sent with Force enough to Harm;
But when I shoot, with my unerring hands,
On the fleet Shaft, as fleet a Death attends.
Witness the monstrous *Python* lately slain,
Against *whose Scales*, your *Darts* had been in vain,
He still had liv'd, and ravag'd all the Plain.
In yonder Vale, by me, behold him kill'd,
Shedding his pois'nous Gore, o're all the Field.
Be you content to kindle amorous Fires,
Inspiring childish Loves, and soft Desires;
Attempt not things beyond your feeble Powers,
Hold your own Empire, and usurp not ours.

The slighted God, in short, replies, by thee,
Let other Breasts be pierc'd, but thine by me.
As Humane Force is Conquer'd by Divine,
So shalt thou find my Powers, excelling thine.

He

He spoke, and spread his wings, and mounted up,
Nor rested, till he reach'd *Parnassus* top.
From his full Quiver all his Darts he drew,
And, from them all, he made his choice of two.
Differing the Passions, which their Points create,
The one producing Love, the other Hate:
With this, the *beauteous Virgin's* Breast he pierc'd;
But he wounds *Phæbus* deeper with the first.
High on the Mountain's utmost Cliff he stood,
And took his fatal aim, and shot the God:
Swiftly it flies thro' his invenom'd Reins;
Fires all his Blood, and poisons all his Veins.
The deadly Shafts their purpos'd ends obtain;
Work Love in him, in her as fierce Disdain.
Her only joy, was ranging thro' the Grove,
To shun her Lovers, and their tales of Love.
There the wild Boars were wounded with her
Spear:
Her only passion was to conquer there.

All her Attire was like *Diana's* Train,
Alike her Humour, in avoiding Men.
Her *numerous* Courtiers, met with *numerous* flights,
She fled from *Hymen*, and his hated Rites :
Oft had her Father prompted her to wed ;
By fond desires of future Grandsons led :
Oft had he told her, that she ow'd a debt,
Of smiling Nephews, which he hop'd for yet.
She starts, and thinks she understands him wrong,
Nor would have heard it from another Tongue.
Then hanging on her Father, thus she pray'd,
Oh ! only lov'd of all your Sex, she said,
Oh ! give me leave to live, and dye a Maid.
He, too indulgent, yields, but yields in vain,
To what she cannot from her self obtain ;
That matchless Form was made to be admir'd,
And she is, in her own despight, desir'd :

The youthful *Phæbus* courts her for his Bride,
And loves too fiercely to be long deny'd.
With hopes, he wou'd not, for his Godhead, lose,
By his own Oracles deceiv'd, he woos.
As fires, in spacious fields of Stubble thrown,
When the first blaze of flame is once begun,
The winds, with fury, drive the torrent on:
So burns the God, and so receives the fires,
And sooths, with flattering hopes, his fond desires,
He sees her Hair dishevel'd on her back,
And part, in circles, twining round her neck.
If such their Charms (disorder'd thus) he cry'd,
Ah! what if Nature were with Art supply'd.
He sees her sparkling Eyes, that shine like Stars,
But with an Influence far more strong than theirs.
He sees her balmy Lips, and longs to kiss;
For, oh! he is not satisfy'd he sees.

Her Hands, and Arms, fill his unwearied fight ;

He looks on all, with wonder, and delight.

He sees her snowy thighs, her swelling breast ;

Of ought lay hid, he still concludes it best :

And yet, in vain, is all the God can say,

The dear, disdainful Virgin will not stay,

But flies the swifter, as she hears him pray.

Stay *Daphne*, stay, it is no Foe pursues,

I follow not as lustful Satyrs use :

The trembling Deer, fly from the Lyon so,

The *Lambs* from *Wolves*, each from his mortal Foe,

They, by their swift pursuit, their prey design ;

But Love, the tend'rest Love, occasions mine.

Beware, dear Maid, lest any barbarous thorn,

Tear those soft Limbs, too beauteous to be torn.

Rough are the ways you follow with such speed,

Ah ! yet beware, be cautious how you tread ;

Or

Or stay, or do not make such dangerous haste,
I too will stay, or not pursue so fast.

Stay, *Daphne*, stay, ah! whither do you run?
Alas! fond Nymph, you know not whom you shun.
No Rustick labouring Hind, no Savage Swain,
I keep no lowing Herds upon the Plain.
Delphos, and *Tenedos*, my Rule obey,
In several Isles, I several Scepters sway.
All Nations offer Incense at my Shrine,
And all those Beams that light the World are
mine.

Jove does acknowledge me his Darling Son,
And gives me Power, the greatest, next his own.
I know what Time bears in her teeming Womb,
And all that was, and is, and is to come.
I Teach soft Numbers to the Mighty Nine,
The wondrous Harmony they make, is mine.

Sure are the wounds I fend from every Dart,
But Love made surer, when he pierc'd my Heart.
To the sick Earth, safe Remedies I give,
Allotting Man a longer time to Live;
To me, the use of every Herb is known,
Vain Art, alas ! since Love is cur'd by none.
To all besides, they do their Aid afford,
Unable only to relieve their Lord.

Much more, he would have told the flying Fair,
But the regardless Virgin would not hear.
With doubled swiftness, she out-runs the wind,
And leaves his yet unfinish'd Speech behind.
The winds, that toss'd her flowing Robes abroad,
Show'd a whole Heaven of Beauty to the God.
Her naked Limbs to his full view display'd;
The God, the Ravish'd God, saw all the Maid,

Her

Her every step inflames his fierce Desires,
Her every motion fans the raging Fires.
Still the Fair Nymph grew lovelier as she fled,
Loose in the Air, her Golden Locks were spread,
And her Cheeks glow'd, with an unusual red.
Th' impatient God admits no more delay,
And throws no more unheeded words away :
Stronger, his pliant Limbs he strives to move,
Love urges on, he takes new force from Love.
So the swift Greyhound, when his Game he views,
With eager stretch, o're all the Plain pursues.
Now comes so near, that he is forc'd to stoop,
With the false hopes he has to snatch her up.
The trembling Hare, runs on with dreadful doubt,
Whether she is already seiz'd, or not.
She uses all her Art to help her flight,
And doubles, just enough, to scape the bite.

So *Daphne* flies, wing'd with her Mortal Fear,
Wing'd with his Love, so *Phæbus* follows her.
But he still gains advantage in the Race,
For Love redoubles his impetuous Pace,
With Arms expanded, he pursues the Fair,
And pyles his eager Feet so very near,
She feels his Breath warm thro' her flying Hair.
Now, as her utmost force was well-nigh spent,
And her o're-labour'd Legs began to faint ;
Her course to that delightful Stream she bends,
Which from her Father's Silver Urn descends :
With moving Looks, the water she surveys,
And thus the sad, and lovely Suppliant prays.
Oh ! save me yet, ere I am quite betray'd,
Exert your God-head, and preserve a Maid.
To some new Form, change my too Charming
Shape,
Or let me lose my Being, to escape.

Immediate

Immediate grant, was giv'n her as she pray'd,
And sudden numness thro' her Limbs was spread;
Thin films o're all her lovely Frame are cast,
And with close folds, they compass in her waste.
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms to Branches shoot,
Her Feet, depriv'd of swiftness, form the Root;
Her beauteous Head chang'd to the leavy top,
And yet not wholly, e're the God came up.
For now he ran with more immoderate speed,
But not with haste enough t' embrace the Maid.
Still Lovely, tho' of Humane Shape bereft,
And he still Loves her, in the Shape sh' has left.
He lays his Hand upon the new-made Plant,
While yet her Heart, beneath the Rind did pant,
He clasp'd her, with the thought of what sh' had
And, oh! he wish'd her still the same, as then; ^{(been,}
With the same scorn his Kisses she disdain'd,
Her scorn, alas! was all she still retain'd.

I have thee now, such as thou art, he cry'd,
And thou shalt be my Tree, tho' not my Bride.
My Quiver shall be hung upon thy Boughs,
And thy dear *Leaves*, be wreath'd about my *Brows*.
Thou shalt the Heads of Demi-gods Adorn,
And be by Poets, and their Heroes, worn ;
When *Cesar* shall from vanquish'd Nations come,
Drawn in his Chariot thro' the Streets of *Rome* ;
When to the Capitol their Spoils they bring,
And *Io Panns* make the Temple ring :
Then, planted at *Augustus* gilded doors,
Thou, like an Household God, shalt guard his floors.
And as the Tresses on my Youthful Head,
Keep their first Lustre still, and never fade ;
The verdant Beauty of thy Leaves shall last,
Not to be wither'd by the Winter's blast.
Thus the God finish'd, and the Laurel bow'd,
Her branches down, to thank the bounteous God.

Part of the Story of

JUPITER and EUROPA;

From the latter end of the

Second Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

Greatness does always our Desires oppose,
And Majesty, and Love, are Mortal Foes.
Jove knew too well, it hinder'd the Design,
He cou'd not compass in a Form Divine.
He casts his Eagle off, and Royal Crown,
And lets his Bolts fall to the Pavement, down.
Divested thus, he quits the blest Abode,
Without one mark left to reveal the God:
He that was wont to Reign, and Rule on High,
And shake the World with Thunder from the Sky;
Of all the Gods, the most ador'd and fear'd,
Now changes to a Bull, and joyns the Herd.

Large

Large Curls adorn'd his Front, and hid his Chest,
Of all, he seem'd by far the Noblest Beast,
By something still distinguish'd from the rest.
His whiteness did the new-fal'n Snow excel,
While it remains unsully'd, as it fell.
His Horns were small, like glittering ^{(bright,} Jewels
And seem'd design'd for Beauty, more than Fight.
His peaceful Look, no signs of Fury shows,
He wears no marks of Terrour on his Brows.
The Royal Maid beheld him with delight,
Surpriz'd with pleasure at th' unusual sight:
Yet was her pleasure first allay'd with fear,
Till by degrees at last, advancing near, ^{(Food,}
With Flow'rs, more welcome than his Heavenly
(Giv'n by those hands) she fed the ravish'd God.
Softly, with secret joy, those hands he prest,
And too too eager, to be wholly blest,
Hardly, ah! hardly, he forbears the rest.

Now

Now with large leaps, he bounds upon the Land,
Anon, he rolls along the Golden Sand.

As her fears vanish'd, she approach'd the Beast ;
And venturing farther, stroak'd his *panting Breast*,
And crown'd his Horns with Flowers ; too
vent'rous at the last.

More Favours thus th' unwary Nymph be-
stow'd,

Than she had given him, had he seem'd a God.

Still daring more, down on his Back she fate,

Alas ! she knew not who sustain'd her weight.

Then, then the God rose with his wish'd-for Prey,

And, wing'd with his Success, soon reach'd the
Sea.

Vain were her Cries, all her Resistance vain,

While *Jove* in Triumph bore her through the

She casts her eyes on the forsaken Coast, (Main.

Which lessen'd, till the view was wholly lost.

She

She sigh'd, and wept, and look'd despairing
back,

Yet still she held his Horns, still clasp'd his Neck

While with the Winds her looser Garment
flow'd,

And spread a grateful Covering o're the God.

THE

The STORY of
CINYRAS and MYRRHA,
 FROM THE
 Tenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

FAr, far from hence, you *virtuous Maids* remove,
 Fly from a Story of incestuous Love.
 Be not a Father, nor his Daughter near,
 I sing of things unfit for such to hear.
 But shou'd you listen, and believe them true,
 Believe the Vengeance that attends them too.
 If Sin cou'd reach to such a dismal height,
 And Nature suffer an abuse so great:
 Yet when she bore so monstrous an Offence,
 'Tis well the Scene was laid remote from hence.
 From vengeful Gods, our World exempted stands,
 There are no Judgments due to guiltless Lands.

Her

Her Gums, and Perfumes, let *Arabia* boast,
Forgetful of the mighty price they cost.
While *Myrrha* spreads her impious Branches there,
Her Sweets are purchas'd, at a Rate too dear.
The God of Love, to clear himself from blame,
Denies he gave the wound, or rais'd the Flame.
The Brands of Furies kindled this Desire,
And thy devoted Bosom did inspire,
With a large share of their Infernal Fire.
To hate your Father, were a dreadful Fate;
And yet to love him thus, is worse than hate.
Look on the Princes of the shining East,
Whose only strife is, who shou'd please you best.
By the loud Fame of conqu'ring Beauty led,
A Royal Troop of Lovers court your Bed:
From the whole World, choose one, and make
him blest,
Excepting one, take any of the rest.

She was too conscious of her impious Love,
Which, when she long had labour'd to remove,
Her last recourse, was to the Powers above.

By what resistless Fury am I driv'n?

Defend me Piety, preserve me Heav'n.

Expel this raging Passion from my Soul,

Oh! let me never act a Crime so foul.

If that's a Crime, which yet your partial Powers,
Allow to every Kind they form, but ours.

All Creatures else, without distinction joyn,
Regard no limits, and respect no Line.

The feather'd Kind, fly mingled with their Young;
Birds, pair with Birds, from whom of late they
sprung.

The Lawless Herds, in flow'ry Pastures feed,
And, by promiscuous Leaps, encrease their
breed.

D

Unboun

Unbounded, o're the spacious Plains they range,
Choose, as they please, and as they please, they
change.

Wisely, with Nature, happy Brutes comply,
And as she prompts them, they improve their joy;
But, foolish Man, against himself conspires,
Inventing Laws, to curb his free desires.

Industrious, to destroy his own content,
He makes those bars, which Nature never meant.

Yet there are Nations, no such Customs bind;
Where Men, and Women, all in common joyn'd,
With doubled Love, exalt their gen'rous Kind.

Where Daughters, with indulgent Fathers wed,
And, without scandal, mount the Genial Bed.

Had my Stars plac'd my Birth in such a Clime,

I might have had my wish, without a Crime.

I might have been, of all I Love, possess'd,

Like them, I had Enjoy'd, like them, been Blest.

Hence

Hence, Impious Thoughts, from my distracted
Brain,

Be gone all hopes, since all, alas ! are vain,

Tho' he possesses, Charms enough to move,

The coldest Virgin to the warmth of Love.

Yet to that warmth, my Passion must not rise,

For I must view him, with a Daughter's Eyes.

VVere I not so, all my desires were free,

Alas ! it is a Sin in none, but me.

Engag'd already, in too strict a tie,

I might be nearer, were I not so nigh.

Should Piety advise me to remove,

Where I might possibly forget my Love.

In vain, I should endeavour to be gone,

Compell'd to stay, by what I seek to shun.

Still to be present in his lovely sight,

Still gaze on him, in whom my Eyes delight,

Talk, touch, and kiss, do more, if more I might.

Wretch that I am ! ah ! whither do I run ?

Is there not too, too much, already done ?

How would the Act, all ties of Blood confound,
And think, oh ! think, how would your Titles
found ?

Your Father's Whore, a Mother to the Son,
Born of your Mother ; Sister to your own.

Oh ! what remorse will such an Action bring,
How fiercely will a guilty Conscience sting ?

How will the Furies haunt your anxious Breast,
And rob your Soul, of her Eternal Rest ?

Advance their Torches, to your dazled sight,
By Day in Visions, and in Dreams, by Night ?

Since then, Divine, and Human Laws forbid,
Our Bodies e're should joyn in such a deed,
Let not the Thought it self reception find,
But banish it, for ever, from your mind.

Could

Could you resolve, were you so lost to shame;
Durst you attempt a deed, you dare not name!
Still, the foul Crime, would his concurrence want,
Which he, ah! too, too good, will never grant.
Oh! that I could my self from Love redeem,
Or that an equal fury reign'd in him.
In Thoughts like these, the beauteous Virginia
 mus'd,
Now blam'd her guilty Passion, now excus'd.
In the mean time, th' Ambitious Rivals strove,
To Court the Father, for the Daughter's Love.
He at a loss, which Prince he should prefer,
Where all deserv'd alike; consults with her.
He makes their Fortunes, Names, and Titles
 known,
But hides his Thoughts, and leaves her to her
 own.

Fix'd on his Eyes, the Maid her silence kept,
And wrack'd with secret tortures, blush'd, and
wept.

He thinking this the effect of Virgin fears,
Kiss'd her drown'd Cheeks, and dry'd her flow-
ing Tears.

The welcome Kiss, shot thro' her Ravish'd Soul,
And almost caus'd her, to reveal the whole.

Again, his former question he renews,
What Choice she made, where she had such to
choose.

Frequent demands, 'this short Confession drew,
Him I like most, who most resembles you.

But he, Good Man, by Piety betray'd,
Mistakes the meaning, and commends the Maid.
Believes those words did from her Duty flow,
And bids her to continue ever so.

While

While on the ground, her guilty looks she bent,
For she knew better, what her Answer meant.
'Twas Midnight now, and Mankind lay refresh'd,
They, and their Cares, in Universal Rest.
But *Myrrha* wakes, scorch'd with impetuous fires,
And struggles to resist her fierce desires.
Despair, and shame, hope, fear, and fury roul,
And work a tempest in her troubled Soul.
Like fighting winds, tumultuous passions mix,
Toss to, and fro, and know not where to fix,
As in a spacious Wood, a stately Oak,
That labours long beneath the Axe's stroke.
With the last blow, nods e're its dreadful fall,
And threatning every side, is fear'd on all.
So roll the thoughts in her uncertain mind;
And now to Vertue, now to Vice, inclin'd:
Death, was the only choice she could approve,
Death, a less ill, as well as end of Love.

When strait her trembling Hands a girdle tye
To the tall Roof, where she designs to dye.
Then fix'd the noose, and sinking from the beam,
With her last words, invok'd her Father's Name.
Farewel, she cry'd, dear *Cinyras* farewell,
Learn by my Death, what now I dare not tell.
The broken murmurs reach'd her Nurfes Ears,
Lodg'd in a small Apartment joyning hers.
Who, with amazement, starting from her Bed,
Runs to the doors of the despairing Maid.
Where enter'd, by the glimm'ring Tapers light,
Her trembling Eyes discern the dismal sight,
And a loud shriek proclaims her mortal fright. }
Feebly she hastes to snatch her from her Fate,
And, with stretch'd hands, takes down the lovely
weight.

Then first she found the leisure to lament,
Her Words an utterance, and her Tears a vent.

W

Closely

Closely her Aged Arms her Charge embrace,
With floods of woe she bathes her beauteous
Face,

And streams from *Myrrha's* Eyes, kept equal pace.

Tell me your griefs, she cry'd, my Royal care,

Tell, what occasions this accurs'd despair.

Her killing anguish no return affords,

Tears blind her Eyes, and groans suppress her
words.

New fury works her rising Passions high,

Now doubled, by her vain attempt to dye.

Still the Good Nurse all soft Endearments us'd,

In hopes to learn, what she was still refus'd.

Turn here, she cries, look on these silver hairs,

Grown thus, alas ! with sorrow, more than Years.

Look on these Breasts, whence your first Food you
drew ;

These Hands, so often tir'd in holding you.

Think

Think on that fondness, those indulgent cares,
With which I rear'd you, in your tender years.
All these persuasions unregarded dye,
Or Tears, and Sighs, were all the sad reply.
Repulse, upon repulse, with grief she bore,
Yet still insists, resolv'd to hazard more.
Let my past Services, says she, entreat,
And do not, do not think me useless yet.
In me repose your cares, on me rely,
On one so tender, so concern'd, as I.
Your ills, to what sad height soever grown,
Shall quickly be redress'd, or never known.
Madness, by sacred numbers is expell'd,
And Magick, will to stronger Magick yield.
If the dire wrath of Heav'n this fury rais'd,
Heav'n is with Sacrifice, and Prayer appeas'd.
From what cause else, can these disorders grow ?
In a smooth tide, your rising Fortunes flow.

No

No loss, your Subjects, or your Friends sustain,
No Wars disturb your Father's peaceful Reign.
The mention of that dear, that fatal Name,
Swell'd her loud sighs, and spread her raging
Flame.

Yet in the Nurse, this no suspicion mov'd
Of such a Crime, tho' she perceiv'd she lov'd.
Now, more than ever, her desires encrease,
Having obtain'd so much, to learn the rest :
With trembling Arms, she clasps the weeping
Maid,
And in her lap reclin'd her lovely Head.
I know thou lov'st, she cry'd, no more con-
ceal

A Truth, which Virgins need not blush to tell.
Long since, its Nature, and its force, I knew,
And cannot wonder at it, now, in you.

Yet

Yet tho' you Love, you have no cause to grieve,
Cou'd I no counsel, no assistance give,
You, your own Birth, and Beauty wou'd relieve.
Your Chains, no Monarch would refuse to wear,
Of no Imperial Crown, need you despair.
Shou'd not your Father, whom you choose, ap-
prove,
He shall be still a Stranger to your Love.
Again, that Name; a cruel Image brought
Of dreadful Guilt, to her distracted thought.
Fiercely she rose, and springing to the Bed,
Be gone, without reply, be' gone, she said,
Spare the confusion of a wretched Maid.
Use no entreaties to me more, but go,
You ask me that, which 'twere a Sin to know.
Strange terrors on the Aged Matron seize,
Who, falling prostrate at the Virgin's Knees,

No Arguments, that might prevail, forgets;
But plies her, now with flattery, now with
threats.

Conjures her to discover all her woes,
Or menaces, to publish all she knows.

Faintly, at that, her mournful Head she rears,
And bathes her Nurser's Bosom with her Tears.

Oft wou'd the fatal Secret have reveal'd,
Which Guilt, and conscious Shame, as oft with-
held.

When hiding, with her Robes, her blushing look,
As loth her self to hear the Words she spoke.

Thus much, at last, confus'dly she express'd,
Oh! Mother, in your envy'd Nuptials blest:
There breaks abruptly off; and spoke in groans
the rest.

Cold tremblings chill'd the Matrons frozen Blood,
And her faint Legs scarce bear their shaking load;

Her

Her hoary Hairs upright with horreur rise,
And ghastly Fears, star'd wildly in her Eyes.
All that she ought, in such a Case, she said,
But, all in vain, endeavour'd to dissuade;
The Maid liv'd only, that she might enjoy,
And if that fail'd, she still knew how to Dye.
The Thoughts of so much Guilt, distract the
Nurse;

But *Myrrha's* threatned Death, confounds her
worse.

Live, and possess, she cry'd; there paus'd with
Shame,

Not harden'd yet enough, to add a Father's
Name.

Now the fix'd Time for *Ceres* Feasts was near,
Observ'd by *Cyprian* Matrons once a year:
All in their white and spotless Garments drest;
Such as denoted Innocence the best.

Deny'd

Deny'd, the space of these mysterious Rites,
The touch of Man, nine whole revolving Nights.
The Queen, in person, does the Pomp adorn,
All offering grateful Gifts of early Corn.
Thus, from his Bed, his beauteous Partner gone,
The Widdow'd King possess'd it-all alone.
The Nurse, too diligent in ill, would miss
No Opportunity, that serv'd like this.
She went, and found, to favour her Design,
The vigorous Prince already warm with Wine;
Then tells him of a Maid with wondrous Charms,
A Mistress, worthy of a Monarch's Arms.
Her Face, and Form, with *Myrrha's*, she compares,
In Beauty equal, and of equal years.
The King, new Passion from her praises caught,
And, all inflam'd, commands her to be brought,

Swift,

Swift, with the dreadful Message she return'd,
And found the lovely Nymph, where still she
mourn'd.

Rejoice, she cry'd, th' approaching Night shall
crown

All your desires, the Conquest is your own.

No real joys on her Success attend,

Of which her soul presag'd some dismal end;

Her labouring Heart, with different Motions,
beat;

Now Fear, now Joy, usurp'd the Sovereign Seat,

And, long contending, made the Tumult great.

All Doubts, at length, resistless Love destroys,

And left a fatal room for impious joys.

The day was fled, and no bright Tracks remain'd,

But thro' whole Nature, Night and Silence

reign'd.

On goes the desperate Virgin, to pursue
A Crime too foul, for Heav'n's chaste Eyes to view.
The Silver Moon, averse to such a sight,
Fled from her darken'd Orb, no streak of light,
No glimmering Star, shot through the dismal
Night.

Thrice, in loud Screams of Woe, the Screech-
Owls mourn,

And thrice she falls, to warn her to return.

No bodings cou'd the vent'rous Maid recall,
Resolv'd on ruin, she contemns them all.

The darkness of the Night dispell'd her fears,
While not a blush, for her bold Crime, appears.

One hand upon her Nurse supported lay,
Holding her other stretch'd to feel the way.

Soon, with bold Steps, to the dire Room she comes,
But soon as enter'd, all her fears resumes.

Courage her Heart, and Blood her Face, forsook,
Her bending Knees on one another strook,
And every loosen'd Joint with Horrour shook.
Her working thoughts a livelier Prospect drew
Of Guilt, more dreadful at a nearer view.

Increasing Fear quite damps her impious Fire,
Who, now grown cold, and dead to all desire,
Repents her Crime, and wou'd, unknown, re-
tire.

But now, the Nurse urg'd on th' unwilling Maid,
Till coming where th' impatient King was laid:
Receive, she cries, a Virgin wholly thine,
And then; oh! breach of all things Sacred
and Divine,

In Hellish Lust, Father and Daughter joyn.
He, as less guilty, felt the less of fear,
And, in the midst of horrour, comforts her.

He call'd her Daughter, as if that exprest
His tender Love, and diff'rent Age, the best.
She us'd th' indearing name of Father too,
And each gave Titles to their Incest due.
Full of her Father, now she leaves his Bed,
Her impious Womb, swoln with incestuous
Seed, (breed.
Where Crimes unknown, and monstrous Vices
Next Night their guilty Pleasures they repeat,
Another follow'd, and another yet.
When he, desirous to behold, at last,
The soft kind Nymph whom he so oft embrac'd.
With a Torch, lighted at a fatal time,
Discern'd at once his Daughter, and his Crime.

His rage, and grief, no room for words afford,
But speechless at the sight, he snatch'd his Sword;

Frighted she flies, assisted by the Night,
Whose darkness shelter'd, and secur'd her flight.
Far from her Country, and those conscious Fields,
Unknown, she wanders on through spacious
Wilds.

Till, with the Burden in her Womb oppress'd,
Her staggering Limbs requir'd their needful rest.
Scarce knowing what to pray for, and at strife,
Betwixt the fear of Death, and hate of Life;
Long she revolv'd on what she thought might
move,
And thus, at last, invokes the Powers above.

On you, great Gods, in these Extreame I call,
Just is your Vengeance, I deserve it all.
Yet, lest alive I shou'd infection spread,
Or my foul guilt, in Death, pollute the dead,

Allow

Allow my wretched Life no longer date,
But, by some change, deny me either State.

Here, the fair Penitent concludes her Prayers,
Which Heav'n, (still open to confession,) hears.
She feels her Legs, now cover'd with the ground,
And her numm'd Feet in welcome Fetters bound.
The spreading Root shoots downward from her
Toes,

On which the lofty Bole supported grows,
To Pith her Marrow turns, her Bones to Wood,
Fed by the Sap, which was of late the Blood.
Her Arms great Boughs, her Fingers form the
small,

Her once soft Skin, now hard'ned, covers all.
Now, her big Womb, the rising Bark supprest,
Which now creeps higher o're her panting Breast.

When she, impatient in her change to lose
Her hated Being, and her cruel Woes ;
Sunk down within the Tree, whose closing top,
For ever lock'd her charming Beauties up.
Who, tho' she lost all other Sense with Life,
She still retains that wretched one of Grief.
Her lasting Sorrows in her Tears are shown,
Which, from her Bark, course one another down,
Those Tears are precious too, and keep the Name,
Of that unhappy Fair One, whence they came.

THE

The STORY of
CERYX and HALCYONE;

FROM THE
Eleventh Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

A R G U M E N T.

Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer, and King of Trachis, a City in Thessaly, having been alarm'd by several Prodigies, prepares to go and consult Apollo's Oracle at Claros, to learn the Will of Heav'n, and receive the Gods Instructions: His Voyage: The Description of a Storm and Shipwrack: The Description of the God of Sleep, and his Palace: The Lamentation of Halcyone, the Daughter of Eolus, and Wife of Ceyx, for the loss of her Husband; with the change of both into Sea Fowls, call'd after her name, Halcyons; are the Subjects of the following Verses; beginning with her Speech to her Husband, to dissuade him from his intended Voyage.

HOW are you chang'd of late, my Love,
how grown

So tir'd of me, so pressing to be gone?

What have I done, to make my Lord remove

So far from her, who once had all his Love?

Is your *Halcyone* no longer dear?

Or, to whatever place your course you steer,

Can you enjoy your self, and she not there?

Yet, if you went by Land, 'twere some relief,

For all that would torment me then, were Grief.

But now, at once, with Grief, and Fear, oppress'd,

A thousand anxious thoughts destroy my rest,

And not one dawn of Comfort cheers my Breast.

The faithless Seas are what, alas! I fear,

I must not let my *Ceyx* venture there.

Oft have I heard their troubled waters roar,

And seen their foaming waves surmount the Shore.

Oft

Of't seen the wreck come floating to the Coast,
And vent'rous Wretches by their Folly lost.
Nor have I seldom, sad Inscriptions read,
On Marble Tombs, which yet inclos'd no Dead.
Let me alone, my *Ceyx*, be believ'd,
And be not by your flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd.
Trust not the Seas, although my Father binds,
Within his Rocky Caves, the struggling Winds.
If once broke loose, nought can their Rage re-
strain,
They sweep o're all the earth, swell all the Main;
Drive Clouds on Clouds, by an abortive Birth,
From their dark Wombs, flashing the Thunder
forth.
More, more than what my feeble words express,
Which only represent their fury less.
Let me persuade, for I have seen them rage,
Seen all the *Wars*, the fighting *Winds* cou'd wage.

Did

Did you, like me, their stern Encounters know,
As daring as you are, you wou'd not go.
If all this fail to move your stubborn mind,
And you will go, oh! leave not me behind.
Take me along, let me your Fortunes share,
There's nought too hard for Love like mine to
bear.

In Storms, and Calms, together let us keep,
Together brave the dangers of the Deep,
The grant of this, my flattering Love assures,
Which knows no Joys, and feels no Griefs but
yours.

Thus spoke the lovely Queen, all drown'd in
Tears,
Nor was her Husband's Passion less than hers.
Yet wou'd he not his first Resolves recall,
Nor, suff'ring her to venture, hazard all.

He

He said, whate're he fancy'd might abate
Her Griefs, although his own were full as great,
Yet, all in vain, he labour'd to remove
The tender fears of her Prophetick Love.
Still the same Sighs from her heav'd Heart arise,
And the same Streams still bubble at her Eyes.
All this succeeding not, My Love, he cry'd,
(The last best Speech, that cou'd be then apply'd.)
To you shou'd *Ceyx* absence tedious seem,
Believe that yours is not less so to him:
For, by my Father's brightest Fires, I swear,
By your dear self, believe my mournful Dear,
E're twice the Moon renews her blunted Horns,
If Destiny permits, your Love returns.
This just suffic'd to ease her troubled Heart,
And of her many Cares, dispel a part.
And now he bids them Launch without delay,
While she took truce with Grief, to Sail away.

That

That last Command awak'd her sleeping Fears,
And she again seem'd all dissolv'd in Tears.
Around his Neck, her circling Arms she threw,
And, mix'd with Sighs, forc'd out a faint Adieu.
Then, as he left her hold, too feeble grown,
(Rob'd of her dear Support) to stand alone,
The last sad pangs, at parting, sunk her down,
Th' impatient Seamen call upon their Lord,
And almost bear him thence by force, aboard.
Then, having fix'd their Oars, begin to sweep,
And cleave, with well-tim'd stroaks, the yield-
ing Deep.
Faintly, her op'ning Eyes the Ship survey,
Which bears her Lord, and her last hopes away.
In their own Tears, her trembling Eye-balls
swim,
Which hinder'd not, but she distinguish'd him:

Too

Too distant now for words, aloft he stands,
On the tall Deck, and she upon the Sands,
Wafts her last Farewell, with her lifted hands.

Then, as the Ship drove farther from the Coast,
And that dear Object in the Crowd was lost ;
The flying Bark, her following Eyes pursue ;
That gone, the Sails employ'd her latest view.

All out of sight, she seeks the widow'd Bed,
Where *Ceyx* and her self so oft were laid.

But now half fill'd, the sad remembrance mov'd,
Of the dear Man, who made the whole lov'd.

By this, the gathering Winds began to blow,
Their useless Oars, the joyful Seamen stow.

Then hoist their Yards, while loosen'd from
the Masts,

The wide-stretch'd Sails receive the coming
Blasts.

De-

*Description of a Storm, and
Shipwrack.*

NOW, far from either Shore, they plow'd
their way,

And all behind them, and before, was Sea.

When, with the growing Night, the Winds
rose high,

And swelling Seas, presag'd a Tempest night.

Aloud the Master cries, furl all the Sails,

No longer spread, to catch the flying Gales.

But his Commands are born unheard away,

Drown'd in the roar of a far louder Sea.

Yet, of themselves, their tasks the Sailors know,

And are, by former Storms, instructed now.

Some to the Masts the struggling Canvass bind,

And leave free passage to the raging Wind.

Some

Some stop the Leaks, while some the Billows cast
Back on the Sea, which rolls them back as fast.
Thus, in confusion, they their parts perform,
While fighting Winds encrease th' impetuous
Storm.

Amaz'd, the Pilot sees the Waves come on,
Too thick, and fast, for his weak Skill to shun.
On every side the threatning Billows fall,
And Art is at a loss to 'scape them all.
The cries of Men, the ratling of the Shrouds,
Floods dash'd on Floods, and Clouds encour-
t'ring Clouds.

Fierce Winds beneath, above, a thund'ring Skie,
Unite their Rage to work the Tempest high,
Vast Billows, after Billows, tumbling come,
And rolling Seas grow white with angry foam;
To mountainous heights, the swelling Surges rise,
Waves pil'd on waves, seem equal with the Skies.

Now

Now rushing headlong with a rapid Force,
Look black as *Hell*, to which they bend their course,
The Ship on rising Seas is lifted up,
And now seems seated on a Mountain top,
Surveying thence the *Stygian* Lakes that flow,
And roll their distant Waters far below;
Now downwards, with the tumbling Billows
driv'n,
From Hell's profoundest depth, looks up to
Heav'n.

Waves after waves, the shatter'd Vessel crush,
All sides alike they charge, on all they rush.
While with a noise th' assailing Billows roar,
As loud as batt'ring Rams, that force a Tow'r.
As Lyons, fearless, and secure from harms,
Rush with prodigious Rage on pointed Arms:
Chaf'd, if repuls'd, they run the fiercer on,
And lash themselves to Fury, as they run.

So roll the Seas, with such resistless force,
 And gather strength in their impetuous course:
 Now start the Planks, and leave the Vessel's sides
 Wide open, to receive the conquering Tides:
 In at the breach the raging waters come,
 All pressing to pursue their Conquest home.
 Fierce Neptune now, who long alone had strove,
 (As if too weak himself) seeks aid from Jove.
 VVhole Heav'n dissolves in 'one continued rain,
 Descending, in a deluge, to the Main,
 VVhose mounting Billows toss it back again,
 Seeming, by turns, each other to supply;
 The Sky the Seas, and now the Seas the Sky.
 Showers join with VVaves, and pour in Torrents
 down,
 And all the Floods of Heav'n and Earth grow one.
 No glimpse of light is seen, no sparkles fly,
 From friendly Stars, thro' the benighted sky.

Double the horror of the night is grown,
The Tempest's Darkneſs added to her own:
Till thund'ring Clouds ſtrike out a diſmal light,
More dreadful than the depth of blackeſt night.
Upwards the waves, to catch the flames, aſpire,
And all the rolling ſurges ſeem on fire.
Now o're the Hatches, mad with rage, they
towre;
And ſtrive, poſſeſ'd of them, to conquer more:
As a brave Souldier, whom the ſtrong deſire,
And burning thirſt of Glory ſet on fire,
With more than common ardour in his breaſt,
And higher hopes, ſpur'd farther than the reſt;
Oft ſcales, in vain, a well defended Town,
But mounts at length, and leaps victorious down.
Alone, of all, the dreadful ſhock abides,
While thouſand others periſh by his ſides.

So the tenth Billow, rolling from afar,
More vigorous than the rest, maintains the War:
Now gains the Deck, and, with Success grown
bold,
Pours thence in Triumph down, and sacks the
Hold.

Part, still without, the batter'd sides assail;
And where that led the way, attempt to scale.
As in a Town, already half possess'd,
By Foes within it, and without it prest,
All tremble, of their last defence bereft,
And see no hope of any safety left.
No aid, their oft successful Arts, can boast;
At once their Courage, and their Skill is lost.
Helpless, they see the raging waters come,
Each threatens Death, and each presents a
Tomb.



One mourns his Fate in loud Complaints, and
: Tears,
Another, more astonish'd, quite forbears
From sighs, or words, too faint to tell his fears.
This, calls them bless'd, who Funeral Rites
receive,
Possess'd, in quiet, of a Peaceful Grave.
This, rears his suppliant hands unto the Sky,
And vainly looks to what he cannot spy,
This, thinks upon the Friends he left behind,
And his (now Orphan) Children rack his mind ;
Halcyone, alone, cou'd *Ceyx* stir,
His anxious thought ran all alone on her.
One farewell view of her was all his care,
And yet he then rejoic'd she was not there.
For a last look, fain wou'd he turn his eyes
On her Abode, but knows not where it lies.

The

The Seas so whirl, with such prodigious might,
While pitchy Clouds, obscuring Heav'n from
sight,
Encrease the native horror of the Night.
Now splits the Mast, by furious Whirlwinds
torn,
And now, the Rudder to the Seas is born.
A Billow, with those Spoils encourag'd, rides,
Aloft, in Triumph o're the lower Tides.
Thence, as some God had pluck'd up Rocks,
and thrown
Whole Mountains on the Main, she tumbles down.
Down goes the Ship, with her unhappy Freight,
Unable to sustain the pressing weight.
Part of her Men along with her are born,
Sunk in a Gulph, whence they must ne're return.
Part catch at Planks, in hopes to float to shore,
Or stem the tempest, till its rage were o're.

Ev'n *Cory*, of the like support possest,
 Swims, undistinguish'd now, among the rest.
 To his Wife's Father, and his own, prefers
 His ardent Vows for help, which neither hears;
 To both, repeats his still neglected Prayer,
 Calls oft on both, but oftner calls on her.
 The more his danger grew, the more it brought
 Her dear remembrance to his restless thought.
 Whose dying wish, was, that the friendly Stream
 Wou'd roll him to those Coasts, whence late
 he came,
 To her dear hands, to be Interr'd by them.
 Still, as the Seas a breathing space afford,
Halcyon rehears'd, forms every word.
 Half of her name, his lips, now sinking, sound,
 When the remaining half in him was drown'd.
 An huge black Arch of waters, which had hung
 High, in the gloomy Air, and threat'ned long,
 Bursting

Bursting afunder, hurls the dreadful heap
All on his head, and drives him down the
Deep.
His Father *Lucifer*, that dismal Night,
Sought to retire, to shun the Tragick sight.
But, since he cou'd not leave his destin'd Sphere,
Drew round the blackest Clouds to veil him there.

Mean while, his Wife counts every tedious hour,
And knew not yet, she was a Wife no more;
But works two Robes against his wish'd return,
To be by her, and her dear *Ceyx*, worn.
She pays her Vows to every Pow'r Divine,
But pays them frequentest at *Juno's* Shrine.
Bribes every Goddess, at a mighty cost
Of precious Gums, but still bribes her at most.
Vain were the Gifts she offer'd in her Fane,
She made her loaded Altars smoak in vain.

Where for his life, and safe return, she pray'd,
Who was already lost, already dead.

Let me again, she cry'd, my *Ceyx* see;
And, while away, by your severe Decree,
Let him give none the love, that's due to me.

Let none, she pray'd, before me be preferr'd;
And this alone, of all her Prayers was heard.

The pitying Goddesses wou'd no more receive
Vows for that succour, which she cou'd not give.
But from her Altar shakes her awful Hand,
And gives her faithful *Iris* this Command.

Haste quickly, where the drowfie God of Sleep,
Remote from Day, does his dark Mansions keep.

Tell him, I bid him in a Dream reveal
To sad *Halcyone*, how *Ceyx* fell.

All her Misfortunes in her sleep unfold,
And by the Vision, let her loss be told.

Thus

Thus speaks the Queen of Heav'n, nor *Iris* stays
 To make reply, but as she speaks, obeys.
 Strait in a thousand colour'd Robe array'd,
 And all her Orient Bow o're Heav'n display'd,
 Downwards she slides, to find the dark Abode,
 And bear her Message to the slothful God.

*Description of the God of Sleep,
 and his Palace.*

Near the *Cimmerians*, hid from Human sight,
 Lies a vast hollow Cave, all void of light,
 Where, deep in Earth, the God his Court maintains,
 And undisturb'd, in ease and silence reigns.
 Not seen by *Phæbus*, at his Morning rise,
 Nor at Mid-day, with his most piercing Eyes,
 Nor when, at Evening, he descends the Skies.

Thick,

Thick, gloomy mists, come steaming from the
ground,

And the Fog spreads a dusky Twilight round.

No crested Fowls foretell the Day's return,

Nor with shrill notes, call forth the springing
Morn.

No watchful Dogs, the secret Entry keep

Nor Geese, more watchful, guard the Court of
Sleep.

No tame, nor savage Beast dwells there, no Breeze
Shakes the still Boughs, or whispers through the
Trees.

No voice of Man is heard, no Human call,
Sounds through the Cave, deep silence reigns
o're all.

Yet from the Rock, a silver Spring flows down,
Which purling o're the stones, glides gently on.

Her

Her easie Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,
At once inviting, and assisting sleep.
At the Cave's mouth spring pregnant Poppies up,
And hide the entrance with their baleful top.
Whose drowsie juice affords the nightly birth,
Of all the sleep, diffus'd, and shed on Earth.
No Guards the passage to this Court secure,
No jarring hinge sustains a creaking door.
Yet in the midst, with sable Coverings spread,
High, but unshaken, stands a downy Bed.
Where his soft Limbs, the slothful Monarch lays,
Dissolv'd in endless Luxury and Ease.
Fantastick Dreams lie scatter'd on the ground,
And compass him in various Figures round.
More num'rous than the Sands that bind the Seas,
Or Ears of standing Corn, or Leaves on Trees.
But *Iris*, now arriv'd, Divinely bright,
Fills all the Palace with unusual Light.

Her

Her Garments flowing with diffusive Beams,
Gild the dark Cell, and chase the frighted
Dreams.
Away they fly, to leave her passage clear,
And shun the Glories which they cannot bear.
The God, his Eye-lids struggle to unloose,
Seal'd by his deep, unbroken slumbers, close.
Half way, his Head he rears, with sluggish pain,
Which heavily, anon, sinks down again.
Frequent attempts, without success, he makes,
But, at the last, with long endeavour, wakes.
Half rais'd, and half reclining in his Bed,
And leaning on his Hands, his nodding Head.
With fault'ring words, he asks the Heav'nly Fair,
What Message from her Goddess brought her
there?
At once the God, and Goddess she obeys,
Deliv'ring her Commands in words like these.

Thou

Thou Peace of mind, thou most propitious
 Pow'r, Thou meekest Deity that Men adore.
 Thou, who giv'st ease to ev'ry troubled Breast,
 And set'st tir'd Limbs, and feverish Souls at rest.
 Thou, at whose presence, Cares and Sorrows flee,
 Under whose guard the fetter'd Slave is free,
 Lovers, the worst of Slaves, still finding ease
 in thee.
 Send thou a Dream, assuming Cere's Form,
 Like him appearing shipwrack'd in a Storm.
 From whose pale lips, his widow'd Queen may
 know,
 His certain loss, and her as certain woe.
 Here ends the shining Nymph, who dares not stay
 For farther words, but flies in haste away.

She

She feels the thick'ning Mists begin to rise,
 And conqu'ring sleep steal o're her yielding eyes.
 Thence, by her painted Bow, her course she bends;
 And, the same way she came, again ascends.
 Around his drowfie Off-spring goes the God,
 And chuses *Morpheus* from among the Crowd.
 None can, like him, a perfect Man express,
 His speech, and mien, his action, and his dress.
 But he alone, in Human shape appears,
 While the less noble Forms a second wears,
 Of Snakes, or Birds, of Lyons, or of Bears.
 Still there's a third, still meaner in degree,
 Which shows a Field, a River, or a Tree.
 Of things inanimate, presents the Scene,
 Hills, Valleys, Ships, or Houses, Earth or Main.
 These three to Generals, Kings, or Courts, belong,
 More vulgar Dreams wait the more vulgar
 Throng.

The first of these, their Monarch sets at large,
 Dispatch'd to Tracts, on Thanet's charge,
 Then flagg'ring he returns, and seeks his Bed,
 In whose soft Down he sinks his drooping Head.
 Again, his Eye-lids are with sleep oppress'd,
 And the whole God dissolves again to rest.

Swift as a Thought, and secret as the Night,
 Morpheus, on noiseless pinions, takes his flight,
 His fleeting wings their silent course pursue;
 Soft, as the liquid Air, they travell'd thro'
 Who, now arriv'd, lays by his useless Plumes,
 And Cox Form, in his own Court, assumes.
 Naked he stood; as late bereav'd of life,
 Close by the Bed of his unhappy Wife.
 His hair still dropping seem'd, still wet his Beard,
 Still shivering with the cold, all his pale Features
 appear'd.

When,

When, with a mournful gesture, o're the Bed,
 Pensively hanging his dejected head,
 All drown'd in well dissembled Tears, he said;

Is not your *Ceyx*, wretched Woman, known?
 Is he so alter'd, or forgot so soon?
 Turn here, *Halcyone*, behold him lost,
 Or in your *Ceyx* stead, behold his Ghost.
 To the relentless Gods, in vain, you pray'd,
 You are deceiv'd, alas! and I am dead.
 Surpriz'd by storms; in the *Aegean* Sea,
 Which cast my life, and all thy hopes away.
 Where, as I call'd on thy lov'd Name, my breath,
 With half thy Name pronounc'd, was stop'd in
 Death.
 This from no doubtful Messenger you hear,
 'Tis I who tell it, I, who perish'd there.

Arise,

Arise, and weep, now let your eyes run o're,
Your once-lov'd *Ceyx* is, alas! no more.
Let a few Tears be to my Mem'ry paid,
And as you lov'd me living, mourn me dead.
He speaks, and adds to these his doleful words,
A voice, she too well knew, express'd her Lord's.
The same, the gesture of his hands, appears,
Unforc'd his action, and unfeign'd, his tears.
She, frighted with the Vision, sighs, and weeps,
Torn with most mortal anguish, as she sleeps;
Then stretches out her Arms, to hold him there,
Which came back empty thro' the yielding Air.
Stay, stay, she cries, ah! whither wou'd you
now?
We'll go together, if again you go.
With her own voice, and her dead Husband's sight,
Starting, she leaves her Dream, but not her
fright.

G

Awak'd

Awak'd, she turns her fearful Eyes around,
And looks for him, who cou'd no more be found.
For now her Maids, rais'd with her shrieks,
were come,

And with their Lamps enlighten'd all the Room.

Not seeing what she sought, enrag'd, she tare
At once, her face, her habit, and her hair.

When ask'd the cause, whence such despair shou'd
spring,

And what sad loss cou'd such distraction bring?

She wrings her Hands, and beats her pant-
ing Breast,

Long silent, with a load of sorrow prest,

But thus, at last, her cruel loss confess.

There's no *Halcyone*, ah! none, she cry'd;

With *Ceyx*, dearer than her self, she dy'd.

Now

Now, let no sounds of Comfort reach my ear,
All mention of a future hope forbear,
Leave me, oh! leave me to my just despair.

Ah! these, these Eyes, my shipwreck'd Lord
did see,

And knew, too well, it cou'd be none but he.

These hands I stretch'd, in hopes to make him
stay,

But from these hands he slid unfelt away.

No mortal grasp cou'd hold his fleeting Ghost,
And I, a second time, my *Ceyx* lost.

He look'd not with the same Majestick Grace,
As when he liv'd, nor shone his awful Face,
With the peculiar Glories of his Heav'nly
Race.

His eyes were fix'd, and all their fires gone out,
No longer roll'd their sparkling beams about;

The colour from his faded cheeks was fled,
And all his Beauty with himself lay dead,
Retaining nought of all, except the shade.
Retaining still, tho' all the rest was gone,
Too much, alas ! to make his Shadow known.
Pale, wan, and meagre, by the Bed he stood,
His hair still dropping with the briny flood.
Here, here in this, ah ! this unhappy place,
'Twas here he stood, she cry'd, and sought to
trace,
But found no footsteps of his airy pace.
Oh ! this, this my too true presaging Soul di-
vin'd,
When you forsook me, to pursue the wind.
But, since compell'd by rigorous Fate you went,
And this was destin'd for the sad Event.
Oh ! that together we had put to Sea,
That so, with you, it might have swallow'd me.

Absent

Absent I'm lost ; and ah ! tho' not with you,
Yet am I wreck'd, yet am I ruin'd too.

Oh ! I were sprung from a most savage kind,
My Soul as barb'rous as the Seas, or Wind,
If I, now you are gone, shou'd wish to stay
behind.

No, *Ceyx*, no ; my much-lov'd Lord, I come,
And tho' not laid together in a Tomb ;
Tho' far from mine, your floating Corps is
born,

Nor with my Ashes mingled in an Urn ;
Yet on one Marble shall our Names be told,
And the same Stone shall both our Stories hold.
Where Ages, yet unborn, with praise shall
read,

How I disdain'd to live, when you were dead.

Here, choak'd with grief, she the sad Tale
gave o're,
Her swelling Sorrows wou'd permit no more.
Sobs, mingling with her words, their accents
part,
And sighs fly faster, from her throbbing Heart.
Now dawns the Day, when she, with fearful
haste,
Goes to that Shore, where she had seen him last.
There, while she stood reflecting on her loss,
Forgetting nought, that might augment her woes.
Here he took leave, she cry'd, and here, she
said,
Unwilling to be gone, again he staid;
He gave me here, alas! the last embrace,
Then launch'd from this, ah! this unhappy
place.

While,

While, all that past, she labour'd to recall,
Severely for her self rememb'ring all.
And while around her watry eyes survey
The wave-beat Coast, and the still troubled Sea,
Something she spies, from far come floating on,
Tho' at the first, too distant to be known;
Which, as the tide drove nearer to the Coast,
Presents a Man in a late shipwrack lost.
She pities him, whom yet she does not know,
And mourns his Fate, since *Ceyx* perish'd so.
Pities his Wife, if he a Wife had left,
Like her, of all she reckon'd dear, bereft.
Now floating nearer to the fatal Shore,
She eyes him more distinctly than before,
While all her hopes diminish, all her fears
grow more.
Apace, her beating heart begins to pant,
And all, at once, her sinking Spirits faint.

Now, on the beach, by tossing Billows thrown,
The Coarse was to her sad confusion known,
Her self, the Wife she mourn'd, the Man her
own.

'Tis he, she cry'd, my dear, my shipwrack'd
Lord,

Whom I but too, too justly, have deplor'd.

Then, with her hands stretch'd to him, where he
lay,

She said, what grief wou'd give her leave to say.

Fed with false hopes, have I your absence born?

And is it thus, ah! thus, that you return?

And do I live, and you bereav'd of life?

Ah! wretched Man, but more, more wretched
Wife!

Far, in the Sea, a Peer erected stood,

To break the rapid fury of the Flood.

Thither

Thither (almost beyond belief) she springs,
Born thro' the yielding air, on new-grown wings.
Along the surface of the Sea she flies,
And wonders at her own unusual cries ;
Now hov'ring o're his pale, and bloodless Coarse,
In new-found Notes laments her sad Divorce ;
Now stooping, perches on his watry face,
And gives him with her Bill, a strange embrace.
Whether he felt it, or the circling Flood,
Then chanc'd to move him, is not yet allow'd ;
Yet he took sense, from her transporting touch,
(Ev'n in the dead, the force of Love is such.)
Aloft his now reviving head he rears,
And mounts on Pinions which resemble hers.
Both chang'd to Birds, their wings together move,
And nought remain'd unchang'd, except their
Love.

In

In close embraces, as before, they joyn'd,
And now, o're Seas, produce, and spread their
Kind.

Seven days she sits upon her floating Nest,
While each rude blast imprison'd, and supprest, }
Close in its Cavern, leaves the Sea at rest.
Then every Sail may safely trust the Deep,
While all the winds lye hush'd, the waves asleep.

THE

THE
FIRST ELEGY
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
T I B U L L U S.

LET others add to their encreasing Store,
Till their full Coffers can receive no more;
Let them plow Land on Land, and Field on
Field,
And reap whate're the teeming Earth can yield;
Whom neighb'ring Foes in constant Terrour keep,
Disturb their labours, and distract their sleep:
Me,

Me, may my Poverty preserve from strife,
 In slothful safety, and an easie life;
 While my small House shields off the Winter
 Sky,
 And daily Fires my glowing Hearth supply;
 While the due Season yields me ripen'd Corn,
 And cluster'd Grapes my load'ned Vines adorn;
 While, with delight, my Country wealth I view,
 And my pleas'd hands their willing Tasks
 Pursue,
 Still, as one Vine decays, to plant a new.
 Here, I repine not to advance the Prong,
 And chide, and drive the sluggish Herds along;
 Nor am asham'd to lift a tender Lamb,
 On the cold ground, forsaken of her Dam.
 Duely, the annual Festivals I keep,
 To purge my Shepherd, and to cleanse my Sheep.

To pay the usual Offerings of a Swain,
To the propitious Goddess of the Plain.
Whom I adore, however she appears,
A Stock, or Stone, whatever form she wears.
To all our Country Deities I shew
Religious Zeal, and give to all their due.
The first fair product of the fertile Earth,
To the kind Pow'r, whose favour brings it forth.
To *Ceres* Garlands of the ripest Corn,
Which hung in Wreaths, her Temple Gates adorn.
Pears, Apples, on *Priapus* are bestow'd,
My Garden Fruits, giv'n to my Garden God.
You too, my *Lares*, shall your Gifts receive,
And share the little that I've left to give.
Once in full Tides you knew my Fortunes flow,
But at their lowest Ebb you see them now.
I then had large, and numerous Lands to boast,
Your care is lessen'd now, as they are lost.

Then

Then a fat Calf, a Victim us'd to fall,
Now from my little Flock a Lamb is all.
That still shall bleed, and for the rest atone,
And that you still may challenge as your own.
Round which our Youth shall pray, You
Powers Divine,
Bless with your Smiles our Labours, and assign
Fields full of Corn, a Vintage full of Wine.
Hear us, ye kind propitious *Lares*, hear,
Nor slight our Presents, nor reject our Pray'r.
Take the small Offerings of as small a Board,
Nor scorn the Drink our Earthen Cups afford.
Whose use at first from Country Shepherds
came,
And Nature first instructed them to frame.
Let from my slender Folds the Thieves abstain,
They ought not to attempt so poor a Swain.

I do not beg to have my Wealth restor'd,
Again of large Estates the restless Lord.
All my ambition is alone to save
The little all my Fortune pleas'd to leave;
Nor shall I e're repine, while Fate allows,
A little Corn and Wine, a little House,
And a small Bed for Pleasure and Repose. }
How am I ravish'd in my *Delia's* Arms
To lye, and listen to the Winter Storms?
Securely in my little Cottage stow'd,
Hear the bleak Winds, and Tempest sing abroad;
And while around whole Nature seems to weep,
By the soft falling Rain be lull'd asleep.
This be my Fate, this all my wish'd-for Bliss,
And I can live, ye Gods! content with this.
Let others by their Toils their Fortunes raise,
They merit Wealth, who seek it thro' the Seas.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with my small, but yet sufficient
Store,

I wou'd not take their pains to purchase more.

I wou'd not dwell on the tempestuous Main,

Nor make their Voyages to meet their Gain.

But safe at home, stretch'd on a grassy Bed,

Where the Trees cast a cool refreshing shade,

Free from the Mid-day heat, recline my head.

Close by the Banks of a clear River lye,

And hear the Silver Stream glide murmur-
ing by.

Oh ! rather perish all the Mines of Gold,

And all the Riches, Earth, and Ocean hold ;

Than any Maid shou'd my long absence mourn,

Or grow impatient for my wish'd return.

You, my *Messala*, in the Field delight,

War is your Province, all your Pride to fight.

From

From Sea, and Land, crown'd with Success
you come,

And bring your far-fetch'd Spoils in Triumph
home;

While I, detain'd by *Delia's* conquering Charms,
Enjoy no Honours, and endure no Harms.

I, who from all ambitious thoughts am free,

Or all, my *Delia*, are to live with thee;

With thee, to lengthen out my slothful days,

Wrapt in safe quiet, and inglorious ease,

Alike despising Infamy, and Praise.

With thee, I cou'd my self to work apply,

Submit to any toil, so thou wert by.

With my own hands, my own Possessions till,

Drive my own Herds, so thou wert with me still.

With thee, no drudg'ry wou'd uneasie be,

All wou'd be soften'd with the sight of thee;

And if my longing Arms might thee embrace,
Tho' on the cold hard Earth, or rugged Grass,
The mighty pleasure wou'd endear the place.
Who can in softest Down be reckon'd blest,
Whose unsuccessful Love destroys his rest?
When, nor the Purple Coverings of his Bed,
Nor the fair Plumes that nod above his Head,
Nor all his spacious Fields, nor pleasant House,
Nor purling Streams, can lull him to repose?
What foolish Brave, allow'd by thee to taste,
Thy balmy Breath, to press thy panting Breast
Rifle thy Sweets, and run o're all thy Charms,
And melt thy Beauties in his burning Arms,
Wou'd quit the vast Delights which thou cou'dst
yield,
For all the Honours of the dusty Field?
Let such as he, his high-priz'd Wars pursue,
And, conqu'ring there, leave me to conquer you.

Let

Let him, adorn'd in all the Pomp of War,
Sit on his prancing Horse, and shine afar:
Proud, when the Crowd assembles to behold
His Troops in polish'd Steel, himself in Gold.
At my last hour, all I shall wish to see,
All I shall love to look on, will be thee.
Close by my Death-bed may my *Delia* stand,
That I may grasp her with my fainting Hand,
Breathe on her lips my last expiring Sighs,
And, full of her dear Image, shut my Eyes.
Then, *Delia*, you'll relent, and mourn my
Fate,
And then be kind, but kind, alas! too late.
On my pale Lips print an unfelt Embrace,
And, mingling Tears with Kisses, bathe my
Face.

From your full Eyes the flowing Tears will
stream,

And be, like me, lost in the Fun'ral Flame.

I know you'll weep, and make this rueful
moan,

You are not Flint, you are not perfect Stone.

Wrong not my Ghost, my *Delia*, but forbear,

From this unprofitable Grief, and spare

Your tender Cheeks, and golden Locks of
Hair.

In the mean time, let us our Joys improve,

Spend all our Hours, our Years, our Lives in

Love.

Grim Death pursues us with impatient haste,

And Age, its sure forerunner, comes too fast.

The Sweets of Life are then no more enjoy'd,

And Love, the Life of all, is first destroy'd.

That

(That first departs from our declining years,
From weak decrepid Limbs, and hoary Hairs.
Now, let us now enjoy the full delight,
While vig'rous Youth can raise it to the
height ;

While we can storm a stubborn Damsel's
door,
And with our Quarrels make our Pleasure
more.

I am the General here, and this my War,
And in this Fight to conquer, all my care.
All other Battels hence, all other Arms,
Go carry Wounds to those who covet harms.
Give them the dear-bought Wealth their Wars
can yield,
With all the bloody Harvest of the Field;

While I at home, my much-lov'd ease secure,
Contented with my small, but certain Store,
Above the fear of Want, or fond desire of
more.

THE

THE
FOURTH ELEGY

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

OF

TIBULLUS.

I See the Chains ordain'd me to receive,
And the fair Maid, whose Charms have won
her Slave.

No more my native freedom can I boast,
But all my once lov'd Liberty is lost.

H 4

Yet

Yet why such heavy Fetters must I wear?

And why obey a Mistress, so severe?

Why must I drag such a perplexing Chain?

Which Tyrant Love will never loose again:

Whether I merit her esteem, or scorn,

Offending, or Deserving, still I burn.

Ah! cruel Maid! these scorching Flames remove,

Extinguish mine, or teach your self to love.

Oh! rather than endure the pains I feel,

How would I chuse, so to shake off my ill,

To grow a senseless Stone, fix'd on a barren
Hill:

Or a bleak Rock, amidst the Seas be set,

By raging Winds, and rolling Billows beat:

For now in torment I support the light,

And in worse torment waste the lingring night.

My crowding Griefs on one another roul,

And give no truce to my distracted Soul;

No succour, now, from sacred Verse I find,
Nor can their God himself compose my mind.
The greedy Maid will nought but Gold receive,
And that, alas! is none of mine to give.
Hence, hence unprofitable Muse remove,
Hence, if you cannot aid me in my love.
No Battels now my mournfull lines recite,
I sing not how the *Roman* Legions fight:
Nor how the Sun performs his daily race,
Nor how the Moon at night supplies his place.
All that I wish the Charms of Verse may prove,
Is for a free access to her I love;
For that alone is all my constant care;
Be gone, ye Muses, if you fail me there.
But I by rapine must my gifts procure,
Or lie unheard, unpiry'd at her door:

Or from the Shrines of Gods the Trophies bear,
And what I rob from Heaven present to her:
Treat her, at other Goddesses expence and cost;
But treat her, at the Charge of *Venus* most.
Her chiefly shall my daring hands invade,
I to this Misery am by her betray'd;
She gave me first this mercenary Maid.
O, to all Ages, let him stand accurst,
Who e're began this Trade in loving first:
Who e're made silly Nymphs their Value know,
Who will not yield without their Purchase now.
He was the fatal Cause of all this ill;
And brought up Customs, we continue still:
Hence, first the doors of Mistresses were barr'd,
And howling Dogs appointed for their Guard.
But if you bring the Price, the mighty rate,
At which her Beauties by her self are set;

The Barrs, unloos'd, lay open every Door,
And ev'n the conscious Mastiffs bark no more.
Whate're unwary inconsiderate God,
Beauty on mercenary Maids bestow'd;
How ill to such was the vast Present giv'n,
Who sell th' invaluable Gift of Heav'n!
Oh! how unworthily were such endow'd!
With so much ill, confounding so much good?
From hence our Quarrels, and our Strifes com-
mence,
All our Dissentions take their Spring from hence.
Hence, 'tis so few to *Cupid's* Altars move,
And without Zeal approach the Shrines of Love.
But you, who thus his Sacred Rites prophane,
And shut his Vot'ries out for sordid Gain,
May Storms, and Fire your ill-got Wealth pur-
sue,
And what you took from us, retake from you.
While

While we with pleasure see the Flames aspire,
 And not a Man attempts to quench the Fire;
 Or, may you haste to your Eternal Home,
 And no fond Youth, no mournful Lover come
 To pay the last sad service at your Tomb;
 While the kind gen'rous she, who scorn'd to
 prize,
 Or rate her self at less, than Joys for Joys.
 Tho' she her lib'ral Pleasures shou'd out-live,
 And reach an Age unfit to take, or give;
 Yet when she dies, she shall not die un-
 mourn'd,
 Nor on her Fun'ral Pile unwept be burn'd:
 But some old Man, who knew her in her bloom,
 With reverence of their past Delights shall
 come,
 And with an Annual Garland crown her Tomb.

Then

Then shall he wish her, in her endless Night,
Her Sleep, may pleasing be; her earth, be light.

All this, my cruel Fair, is truth I tell,
But what will unregarded truth avail?

Love, his own way, his Empire will maintain,
And have no Laws prescrib'd him how to
reign.

He Rules with too, too absolute a sway,
And we must, in our own despight, obey.
Shou'd my fair Tyrant, *Nemesis*, command
Her humbled Slave to sell his Native Land,
All, at her Order, shou'd convert to Gold,
Nor House, nor House-hold-God, remain unfold.

Take the most baneful Simples *Circe* us'd,
Or mad *Medea*, in her Bowls infus'd;

Gather

Gather the deadliest Herbs, and rankest Weeds,
The Magick Country of *Thessalia* breeds;
Mingle the surest Poysons in my Cup,
And, let my Love command, I'll drink them up.

THE

THE
Thirteenth ELEGY
OF THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
TIBULLUS

To his Mistress.

NO other Maid my settled Faith shall move,
No other Mistress shall supplant your Love.
My Flames were seal'd with this auspicious Vow,
That which commenc'd them, then, confirms
them now.

In

In you, alone, my constant pleasure lies,
For you alone seem pleasing in my Eyes.
Oh! that you seem'd to none, but me, Divine,
Let others, look with other Eyes, than mine.
Then might I, of no Rival Youth afraid,
All to my self, enjoy my charming Maid.
I'm not ambitious of the publick Voice,
To speak your Beauties, or applaud my choice ;
None of their envious Praises are desir'd,
I wou'd not have the Nymph I love admir'd.
He that is wise, will not his Bliss proclaim,
Nor trust it to the lavish Tongue of Fame ;
But a safe silent Privacy esteem,
Which gives him Joys, unknown to all, but him,
To Woods, and Wilds, I cou'd with thee remove,
Secure of Life, when once secure of Love.
To wait on thee, cou'd Desert paths explore,
Where never Human footstep trod before.

Peace

Peace of my Soul, and Charmer of my Cares,
 Thou Courage of my Heart, thou Conquerour
 of my Fears.
 Disposer of my Days, unerring Light,
 And safe Conductress in my darkest Night.
 Thou, who alone, art all I wish to see,
 Thou, who alone, art all the World to me.
 Shou'd the bright Dames of Heav'n, the Wives
 of Gods,
 To court my Bed, forsake their blest Abodes;
 With all their Charms endeav'ring to divert
 My fix'd Affections, and estrange my Heart;
 To thee, vain Rivals, all the Train shou'd prove,
 Vain Suit, the glorious Nymphs to me shou'd
 move,
 (Love.
 Who wou'd not change thee for the Queen of
 All this I swear, By all the Powers Divine,
 But swear by *Juno* most, because she's thine.

Fool that I am! to let you know your Power,
On this Confession, you'll insult the more;
In fiercer flames make your poor Vassal burn,
And treat your suppliant Slave with greater scorn,
But take it all, all that I can confess,
And oh! believe me, that I feel no less,
To thee, my Fate entirely I resign,
My Love, and Life, and all my Soul is thine.
You know, my cruel Fair, you know my Pains,
And pleas'd, and proud, you see me drag your
Chains.

But if to *Venus* I for succour flee,
She'll end your Tyrant Reign, and rescue me.

SONG.

1.

After the pangs of fierce Desire,
The Doubts and Hopes that wait on Love,
And feed, by turns, the raging fire;
How charming must Fruition prove!

2.

A When the triumphant Lover feels
None of those pains, which once he bore;
Or, when reflecting on his Ills,
He makes his present Pleasure more.

I 2

3. To

3.

To Mariners, who long have lain
On a tempestuous Ocean tost,
The Storms, that threatned on the Main,
Serve only to indear the Coast.

A Farewell

TO

POETRY.

AS famish'd Men, whom pleasing Dreams
delude,

Seem to grow full with their imagin'd Food:

Appease their Hunger, and indulge their Taste,

With fancy'd Dainties, while their Visions last,

Till some rude hand breaks up the flatt'ring

Scene;

Awaken'd, with regret, they starve again.

So

So the false Muse prepares her vainer Feasts,

And so she treats her disappointed Guests :

She promises vast things, immortal Fame,

Vast Honour, vast Applause, a deathless Name,

But well awake, we find it all a Dream.

She tells soft tales, with an enchanting Tongue,

And lulls our Souls, with the bewitching Song :

How she, alone, makes Herbs truly great ;

How, dead long since, she keeps them living yet.

Shews her *Parnassus*, like a flow'ry Grove,

Fair, and delightful, as the Bowers above ;

The fittest place for Poetry, and Love.

We hunt the Pleasures thro' the fairy Coast,

Till in our fruitless search our selves are lost.

So the great Artist drew the lively Scene,

Where hungry Birds snatch'd at the Grapes in
vain.

Tir'd with the Chase, I give the Phantom o're,
And am resolv'd to be deceiv'd no more.

Thus the fond youth, who long, in vain, has
 strove,
With the fierce pangs of unsuccessful Love ;
With joy, like mine, breaks the perplexing Chain,
Freed, by some happy chance, from all his pain,
With joy, like mine, he grows himself again.

FINIS.